

The Chairman's Never Wrong

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Summary: . The warlocks that remained were scattered across the globe. Magnus is pretty sure he's the only one left in North America. It's fine. He's fine. He has The Chairman and Church, and his little businesses, to keep him occupied. He doesn't need much more than that. He's content. Or, he was.

The Chairman's Never Wrong

A/N: **Ah yes, two malec fics in as many days. This is the most extra. Enjoy!**

Prompt: I don't know who put the cat in my shower but I'm unamused

Magnus Bane has been alone the past 500 years. It isn't a problem, that's just how life is. After the shadowhunters had destroyed the downworlder way of life, the remaining communities tended to keep to themselves, always fearing another uprising, another massacre. The warlocks that remained were scattered across the globe. Magnus is pretty sure he's the only one left in North America.

It's fine. He's fine.

He has The Chairman and Church, and his little businesses, to keep him occupied. He doesn't need much more than that. He's content. Or, he was.

Of course, because the gods have some kind of personal vendetta against him, Clary the Shadowhunter burst into this world with all the grace and social niceties of a typical demon slayer. She sought him out immediately, and utterly destroyed his shell of complacency. He'd shown someone the Book of the White, gone to a party, created a portal strong enough to span dimensions, and met someone. For the first time in 500 years, he had not one, but two meaningful face to face interactions with actual human beings.

He doesn't want to be dramatic, but Magnus believes the right words for the situation are "absolutely, positively, earth-shaking and mind-blowing." Unfortunately, Church is of the opinion that this is far too dramatic and tends to stay away from Magnus and his disgustingly happy self. The Chairman, however, seems to enjoy it.

Currently, Magnus and The Chairman are cuddled together on the couch, pouring over the one spell book Magnus has. He takes careful notes, writing down potential spells and rituals. The Chairman lets out a purr, completely content. For the first time in so very long, the ever-present ache in Magnus's chest subsides. Of course, because Magnus is somehow not allowed to be happy for more than twelve minutes, his phone rings shrilly, startling The Chairman off his lap. The cat looks up at him reproachfully, and Magnus sighs and picks up the phone.

"Hello?" The voice on the other side is too bright, too vibrant, and Magnus has to take a moment to place it.

"Clary?" This doesn't make any sense, because she should have no memory of what transpired. All she knows is that somehow, she asked Magnus Bane to her father's party and he came. Plain and simple. He'd made sure to erase any remaining memories of the magic he'd done.

"Um, Magnus? Still there?" Magnus realizes, maybe a smidgen too late, that he hadn't actually said anything yet.

"Ah, yes. Still here. W-what did you need?" The stutter in his voice makes him wince. Chairman Meow gives him a look that tells him that Magnus deserves to make a fool out of himself over the phone, since Magnus had displaced him. Sometimes The Chairman is more dramatic than Church is.

"Nothing, really, I just wanted to see how you were. I sort of left you at the party, but there was this thing with my boyfriend and my dad, soâ€!" Clary trails off, sounding embarrassed. Magnus's heart warms immediately. She'd been sweet as a shadowhunter, of course she'd be even sweeter as a mundane.

"That's quite alright! It was a good party; I'm glad I came," he assures her.

"Awesome! So listen, a few of us are going to this club later tonight, if you want to keep the party going." It takes an embarrassingly long moment to realize that Clary is inviting him out with her friends.

"Oh! I'm, well, I'm not sure exactly, I have my cats to mind." The excuse is so flimsy that even Church joins The Chairman in giving him an incredulous look. Stupid cats.

"Oh come on! It'll be fine! It's this cool new club, and Izzy got us all on the guest list, so it would be a waste not to come," Clary tells him. Magnus is oddly touched; she went to so much trouble to get him on the guest list, so it would be rude to say no. And, if he's being honest, he hasn't been to a party since Charles IV's first presentation into high society.

"Oh, alright. Where's this club?"

"Yay! You won't be disappointed! It's called Pandemonium, and I think it's actually pretty close to where you live," Clary babbles. Magnus heaves another sigh, something that Clary manages to miss. He knows the place. It's bright and loud, a new addition to Magnus's neighborhood. The cats absolutely despise it.

"What time are we meeting?" Magnus asks, once Clary stops talking long enough for him to get a word in.

"Well, we were thinking of getting food before, like someplace nearby. Know any good places?" she asks.

"There's not a decent place nearby for us to go to, but I know this great Ethiopian place that delivers." Magnus feels giddy, inviting people to his apartment for something other than a half-assed palm reading.

"Oh my god, that's perfect! We could all meet at your place!" Clary squeals. Magnus has to actively stop himself from giggling. Her excitement is catching.

"You remember the address?"

"Definitely! See you around seven?"

"Sounds good! See you then," Magnus tells her. They hang up, and Magnus does an ungainly little happy dance around the living room. It must be truly horrific, because Church actually hisses at him. Magnus resolves not to dance unless absolutely necessary.

The next few hours are a blur of cleaning, hiding his magic things, and cajoling the cats into staying in his bedroom. They finally agree when Magnus throws a considerable amount of catnip into his room. He calls the Ethiopian restaurant and places his order, asking them to deliver around seven. He spends the next few hours trying to find something suitable to wear. The fanciest thing he owns is tweed suit from the 40's and he will not, under any circumstance, wear that outside his apartment. He finally decides on a navy button down and dark jeans. He combs his hair down, then stares at his glasses for a ridiculous amount of time, eventually deciding to forgo them. He doesn't technically need them anyways.

At quarter 'til, he hovers nervously around his living room, impulsively tidying this and that, and making drinks, only to vanish them. The magic helps calm his nerves, but all his calm goes straight out the window. He answers the door to find Clary and Jace smiling at him, bearing bags of what smells like Doro Wot and Kitfo.

"We met the delivery guy downstairs and just grabbed it," Clary tells him. He ushers them inside, reaching for his wallet to pay them back, but Clary shakes her head at him, smiling big.

"Thanks, biscuit," Magnus says, wrapping her in a quick hug.

"Izzy, Simon, and Alec are right behind us. Izzy's bracelet got caught in Simon's shirt, because she tripped, so Alec's helping to untangle them," Jace says, eyeing the living room. "Cool

place."

"Thanks. Please, make yourselves at home. I'll grab dinner things." By that, Magnus means he's going to magic 90 year-old dishes out of the highest cabinet and zap them clean. Jace and Clary plop down on the sofa, and start unpacking food. Magnus has the plates out and clean, and is working on the silverware when the doorbell rings again.

"I'll get it," calls Clary. Magnus hears people come in and hurries. Finally, when the last stubborn fork is clean, he brings the utensils out, and almost collides into someone.

"Oh, careful there." Warm hands grab his shoulders to steady him. Magnus looks up to thank his savior, but the words dry up in his throat. It's Mr. Tall-Dark-and-Handsome from the other night. Magnus reminds himself to breathe.

"Ah, don't mind me. I'm just clumsy," he mumbles.

"I don't mind at all." His voice is like velvet, and should be illegal. It's doing insane things to Magnus. He disengages himself and places the dinner set on the coffee table.

"Alec, I think you broke my bracelet!" The dark haired beauty wearing a funky pair of glasses whines at Mr. Hotpants, making him smirk.

"Sorry baby sis. It wouldn't have happened if you didn't trip," he tells her. His words might be a little rude, but there's nothing but pure affection in his eyes for his sister. Magnus finds that absurdly hot.

"Magnus, dude, this place is killer! I love it," the boy wearing a Star Wars t-shirt under his blazer, Simon, says, offering him a warm smile. Magnus beams back at him, and thanks him.

"Clearly you have great taste," Alec drawls, sending him a smirk. Magnus's heart stutters, picking up its pace. It's amazing how he can go from relaxed and happy to needing to bathe in a river of holy water in just one sentence.

He manages to keep it together all dinner, even when Alec insists on helping him clean up afterwards. Miraculously, Clary volunteers as well and the three of them manage to get things done fast. For some reason, Alec throws Clary a disgruntled look and she giggles at him. Magnus is clearly missing something.

They leave the apartment a quarter past nine, all a little bit buzzed from the drinks Magnus made. The party's in full swing when they get there, and everyone whoops when Izzy gives the bouncer their names and he lets them in. They all dance towards the bar, whooping again when Simon and Jace buy them a round of shots.

It takes quite a lot of liquor for Magnus to even get buzzed, considering his 800 year old liver, but he still enjoys the burn of alcohol and the different tastes it has to offer. After three shots, Simon and Jace end up in some kind of dance off, where the goal is to look more ridiculous than your opponent. Personally, Magnus feels Simon's the winner, especially when he breaks out the sprinkler. Izzy

laughs and claps her hands, encouraging her boyfriend. She sways a little, downs another shot, and then drags her boyfriend further onto the dance floor. Clary grabs Magnus's hand and pulls him onto the floor as well. He shimmies awkwardly for two songs before heading back to the safety of the bar. Alec sits two stools away from him, chatting up a businessman looking for more than a friendly conversation. Jealousy burns through Magnus, and he shoves it away. Alec can do whatever he wants. Just because someone smiles at you doesn't mean they like you. Magnus calls over the bartender and tells him to surprise him when the man asks him what he wants. A colorful cocktail is set before him, piquing his curiosity. He remembers when cocktails first gained popularity. None of his friends had liked them, preferring to stick to their mulled meads, but Magnus had been curious. Now, he considers himself quite the connoisseur. The drink before him, upon further inspection, proves to be a fun twist on an old favorite, the cosmopolitan.

"Do you always analyze your drinks like that?" Magnus looks up, a little startled. Alec is grinning down at him. Magnus hadn't really noticed the height difference, but this boy is tall, considerably so.

"Why aren't you on the floor?" Magnus asks stupidly. He winces when he says it, but Alec seems not to notice.

"Why aren't you?" Magnus is beginning to think Alec's voice doesn't have a normal tone, that it's just naturally flirty. His voice, coupled with Alec's devastatingly good looks and natural charm, leaves Magnus a little intoxicated. He tries to convince himself it's because he's been drinking all night, but he's well aware that's a lie.

"I did, for a bit. I was thirsty so I came back hereâ€|" Magnus trails off lamely, hating himself. To his surprise, Alec chuckles, low and deep, and wow _if_ that doesn't send sparks down his spine. Alec orders two more of the drink Magnus is still nursing, and they settle there for a while, just talking.

Magnus learns a great deal about Alec, through the course of a few drinks. He graduated from NYU and is a party planner now. Alec admits he's not exactly sure he likes it, but he's quite good at it, so he says it doesn't matter. One thing he is really passionate about, however, is archery. He went to a summer camp for it his whole childhood, and came back as a counselor throughout his undergrad. Alec loves spaghetti, his siblings, and Clace, his little nickname for Jace and Clary, in that order. The more he drinks, the more random the conversation gets. Magnus isn't a big fan of talking about himself, so he just listens, marveling at the smooth and sensual quality of Alec's voice, despite the slight slur. After their fourth drink, Alec grins lasciviously at Magnus.

"Le's get out of 'ere," he slurs, smirking at Magnus. Magnus is a little more than shocked; he hadn't expected this at all. Maybe some light conversation, empty promises to stay in touch, but being propositioned? He feels out of his depth.

"Maybe you've had a bit much to drink," Magnus says, hating the way he can't quite bring himself over a mumble in Alec's presence. Alec waves him off.

"I'm good. I'm so good right now, you don't even know!" Alec tells him emphatically, eyes bright. Magnus hides a smile. It wouldn't do to leave poor, drunk Alec alone in the club, so he figures he can help Alec home and crash on the couch or something. Maybe Alec will want to hang out sober after that.

"Come on, Alec." Magnus takes hold of his arm, actively not marveling at the strength of his bicep. Alec smirks at him, eyes a little glazed.

"Knew you couldn't resist me," Alec slurs, only strengthening Magnus's resolve to make sure he's taken care of. The trek back to the flat is arduous, only because Alec keeps trying to stick his hands in places they definitely don't belong. Once inside, Magnus is able to disengage himself from Alec, who gets distracted by a candelabra. He settles him onto the couch, ignoring the way Alec leers at him. Magnus debates whether he can get away with a little magic, if Alec will even remember it.

"C'mere." Suddenly, Alec is way too close to be good for Magnus's willpower. He brings two large hands up to cup Magnus's face, effectively cutting off any ability for the warlock to think. Alec is leaning in, eyes closed, and Magnus is paralyzed. He should tell Alec to stop, tell him he's too drunk for this, but he can't. Every single one of Magnus's senses are overwhelmed.

Just as Alec is about to kiss him, the unexpected happens. His face screws up, he opens his mouth, and a verifiable stream of puke ends up of Magnus's lap. It's like time itself has stopped. Alec is looking at Magnus with wide, horrified eyes and Magnus just looks back at him.

"Shit, Magnus, I'm so sorry, shit!" Alec starts babbling, quick and panicked. Magnus should be horrified, because someone just puked onto his actual lap, but he's more focused on Alec's expression. He looks almost better like this, his face open and filled with honest emotion.

"Let's get you to the bathroom," Magnus tells him, his voice finally back. He puts one hand on the small of Alec's back and the other on his arm. He guides the taller boy to his bathroom. As soon as Alec sees the toilet, he's bent over it, upchucking once more. While he's distracted, Magnus snaps his fingers, vanishing the mess on his jeans, and hopefully the couch as well. He rubs Alec's back in small, soothing circles.

"That's it, get it all out," he says, voice low and even. Somewhere, in the back of his mind, he's quite proud of himself. After another minute, Alec stops puking.

"Everything out?" Magnus asks, helping Alec to his feet and flushing the toilet. Alec nods, looking miserable. Magnus smiles kindly at him, stroking his cheek. Alec's eyes flutter closed. Magnus procures some mouthwash, which Alec takes gratefully. He rinses out his mouth, still leaning against Magnus. Magnus guides him to the bedroom and settles him under the covers. Before Alec can pass out, Magnus conjures a bottle of Gatorade and makes him drink, replenishing his electrolytes.

"Thanks, Magnus," Alec mumbles, snuggling under the covers.

"Sure," Magnus tells him, meaning it. "Sleep tight." He signals for the cats to follow him, not wanting to bother Alec further. Magnus settles on the clean couch, smiling when both The Chairman and Church cuddle up against him. He falls asleep quickly after that.

Magnus is woken rudely when someone screams. He fumbles wildly, tripping and falling off the couch. Once he's up, he runs into the bedroom, panicking over Alec. The bed's empty, and Magnus careens, trying to locate Alec. He notices the bathroom door is partly open, so he bursts in, ready to fight whatever danger Alec's facing.

Alec stands in the middle of the bathroom, dripping wet and tugging a towel hastily around his waist. Magnus stops for a second to take in the scene. Alec's slowly turning tomato red, the shower's still running, and The Chairman is blinking up at him, trying to look innocent.

"Why is there a cat in your shower?" Alec demands. Only now does Magnus register that he's bare chested and he gapes a little before snapping out of it, unfortunately not before Alec notices. The panic drains from his face and he smirks at Magnus.

"Um, The Chairman likes the cold tiles in the morning," he tells Alec, a little dazed.

"Your cat's name is 'The Chairman'?" Alec's full on grinning now. Magnus feels a stupid blush come on.

"Yes. Chairman Meow. The other one's called Church," Magnus says, wondering if those are odd names for cats.

"I love it. Still don't understand why he was in the shower though." Alec frowns at The Chairman, who winds around Alec's ankles.

"Huh. I guess he likes you," Magnus comments. The Chairman actually purrs.

"I'm very likable," Alec tells him, flirty voice back on. Magnus smirks.

"I don't know, I've never had anyone puke on me before," Magnus says, leaning back against the sink, hoping he looks cool. Alec's own smile falters at that.

"I'm so sorry, Magnus. I don't know what happened," Alec apologizes, sounding sincere. Magnus snorts.

"I do. You tried to drink me under the table and paid dearly for it. It's okay though." Magnus smiles at Alec, kind and open.

"Let's redo this," Alec says suddenly.

"What, go out, get smashed, and puke all over my house?"

"No, obviously not. I meant let's go out, get lightly buzzed, and do other things all over your house." Magnus is well aware his face lights up bright red like a stoplight; he can't help it, not when Alec's talking like that. The Chairman meows, adding his own

input.

"I think The Chairman agrees," Alec says, dead serious. Magnus shrugs.

"The Chairman's never wrong," Magnus says. "Sure, why not."

A/N: ***Thank you for reading! Let me know what you thought, any critiques, or advice!**

End
file.